

US BOYS

It Must Mean Something

The Sandman Story

Mr. Mouse and Mr. Frog.

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One day Mr. Mouse, who had been driven from the barn where he lived by Mrs. Tabby and her family, ran across the road to the meadow and wandered down by the pond.

"I may as well jump in and drown myself," said Mr. Mouse, feeling very sad and discouraged. "There is no place I go where that cat does not follow me."
"What is the matter, my friend, that you seem so sad?" asked Mr. Frog, who sat on a log not far away, and heard all that Mr. Mouse had said.

"Why need you drown just because you jump into the water?" I live in this pond, and I do not drown."
Mr. Mouse now that he had a willing listener, told Mr. Frog all his troubles.
"I just eat grain and meat and things in the barn—just a little; and why that cat should be so disagreeable and unfriendly I can't understand," he said.

"She cannot eat those things," said Mr. Mouse. "So why she bothers me I cannot see. Does she ever come here and try to drive you out of the pond?"
"Never," said Mr. Frog. "I have my troubles with the boys, who try to stone me, but I can always escape by jumping in the pond; and Mr. Dog barks at me when I come out on this log sometimes, but he cannot get me. So I just let him bark. It is very funny to see him, too, so I just laugh to myself and stay here as long as I like. Why don't you come here to live? I feel quite sure if you would live on bugs and water and mud and such things no cat would bother you."

"But suppose I can't get out if I jump in your pond?" said Mr. Mouse. "And maybe I should not like your home. I do not feel at all sure I could live on the things you spoke of."
"Come with me for a visit," said Mr. Frog. "I'll take you out of the pond. If you don't like it I will bring you right back."
"How will you manage that?" asked Mr. Mouse.
"You get on my back and cling tightly, and if you don't like it when I go under the water you just pinch a little and I'll come right up," said Mr. Frog.

Mr. Mouse said he would not mind trying the water if Mr. Frog would be sure to bring him back if he wished to come. So Mr. Frog hopped over to the edge of the pond and Mr. Mouse got on his back and clung tightly, and down went Mr. Frog in the water.

It wasn't a second before Mr. Mouse was back again, and Mr. Mouse rolled off on the ground, choking and gasping for breath.
"Why, you did not even get to the bottom of the pond. You pinched almost as soon as we started," said Mr. Frog.
"I know I did. I knew at once that I should never like the water for a home."
"I can't see why," said Mr. Frog, blinking. "There are no cats here and plenty to eat."
"There may be no cats, but there are worse things than cats I have found," said Mr. Mouse. "Why, that water would kill me. I can run away from puss if I look stern, but I could not run away from the water, and as for seeing, how can I see with my eyes full of water?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Frog. I guess I will run back to the barn and take another chance with Mrs. Tabby."
"What funny folks there are in this world," said Mr. Frog, as he watched Mr. Mouse out of sight. "He'd rather live in a barn than in the water. Well, well!"

The Rhyming Optimist

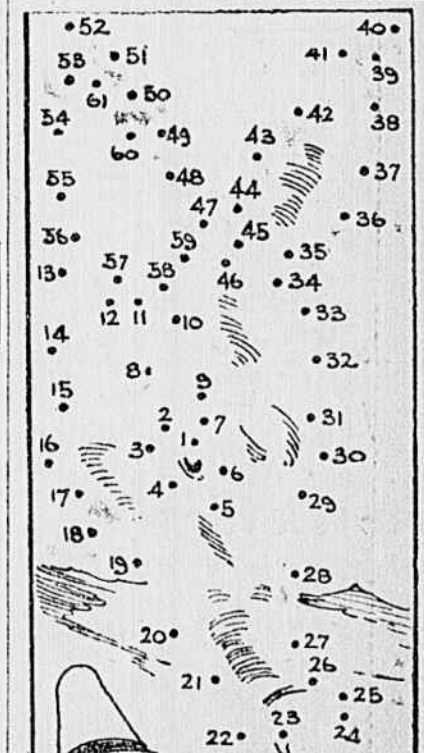
THE POODLE.

The poodle had a pedigree that was beyond belief. To read this poodle's family tree made one seem all too brief. The poodle had his bath each day, his maid shampooed his hair, which chambered his hair, and he walked him 'round the square. The poodle dined on chicken breast, his milk they did not skim, of course, and he was a kick and cuff from everyone he'd see. He must forget to wag his tail, for every puppy puppy such puppy ticks will not assuage hard hearts of puppy foes. This puppy did not have a hint as to his family, he'd never even had a squint at any pedigree. One day the poodle ran away and left his happy home; into the pup he clung to travel, then things began to hum. The puppy viewed the poodle fat and eyed his snowy coat. "See, whiz," thought he, "this is a cat or just a billy goat!" The poodle looked with proud disdain into the puppy's face. "Sally, he," "Your nose is very plain, your hair is a disgrace." Long time the puppy looked at him, then mused: "I guess I'll see if I should swat it on the glim, what it will do to me. I can't say, after just a glance, if it will bark or meow; but still, I think I'll take a chance. I know it's not a cow." Here ends the tale of pet and pup, much as you might foresee; the puppy ate the poodle up, all but his pedigree.

A Way Out.

While the minister was making a call the little girl of the house was busy with pencil and paper.
"What are you doing?" he asked, when her mother had left the room for a moment.
"I'm making your picture," said the child.
The minister sat very still, and she worked away earnestly. Then she stopped and compared her work with the original and shook her head.
"I don't like it much," she said. "Paint a great deal like you. I guess I'll put a tail to it and call it a dog."

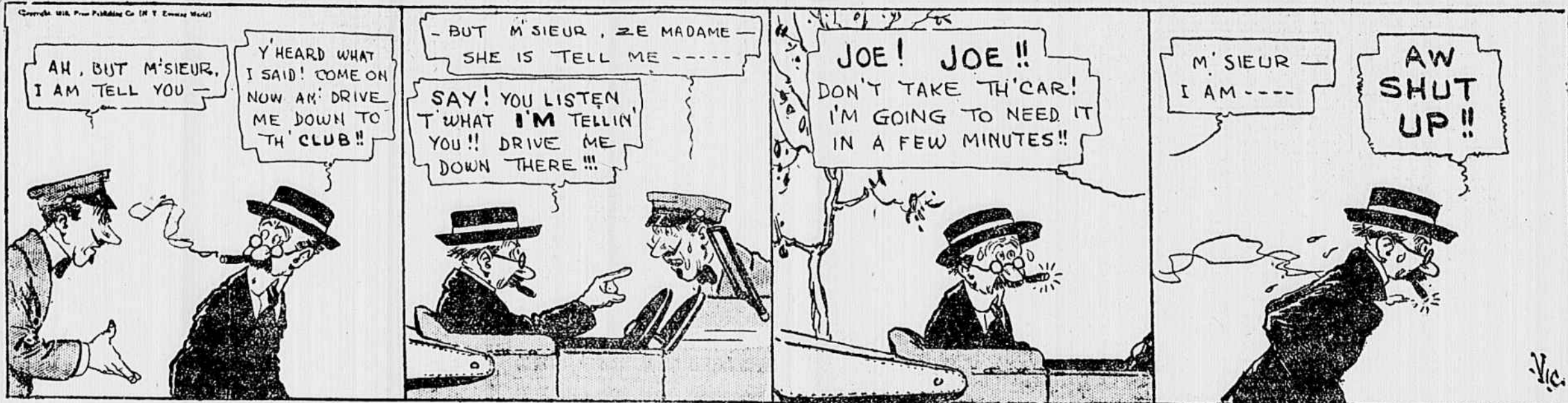
Puzzle Picture



The Aard Vark is a homely beast. I brought this one home from the east. Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

JOE'S CAR

Say, Who's Car Is That?



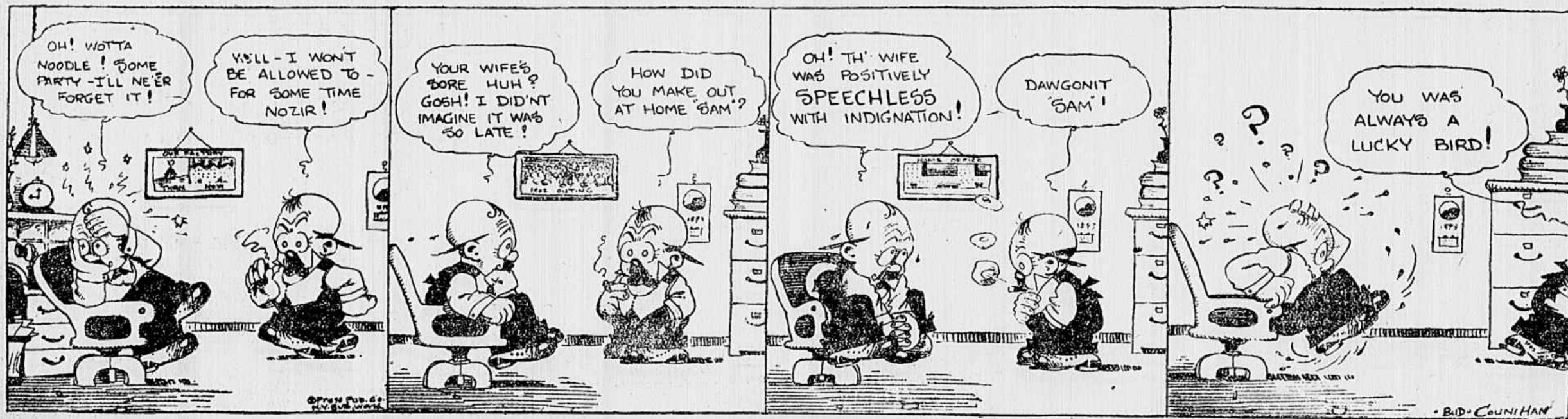
LEAVE IT TO LOU

And Lou Gave Him "No" Quarter



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It Never Happened to Us That Way, Sam!

